

Georgia Southern University

Digital Commons@Georgia Southern

Inkwell

Student Media

11-23-1987

The Inkwell

Armstrong State College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.georgiasouthern.edu/inkwell>

Recommended Citation

Armstrong State College, "The Inkwell" (1987). *Inkwell*. 1162.
<https://digitalcommons.georgiasouthern.edu/inkwell/1162>

This newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Media at Digital Commons@Georgia Southern. It has been accepted for inclusion in Inkwell by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@Georgia Southern. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@georgiasouthern.edu.

EXTREE!!

EXTREE!!

The
ASC

INKWELL

Bulk Rate
U. S. Postage
PAID
Savannah, GA
Permit No. 380

VOL. LII, NO. V

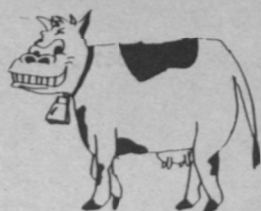
NOVEMBER 23, 1987

INKWELL VICTIM OF BREAK-IN; COVER STORY FOR FINAL ISSUE OF FALL SWIPED!!

J.J. Rutland
Staff Writer

*"...it was probably
some glory- hungry
freak from Newsweek
or Time. You never
can trust those big-
wig jackasses. I tell
you one thing, all
hell's gettin' ready to
break loose, bud."*

Michael West
Editor-in-Chief



Because I've gotten a total of two hours sleep in the past twenty-four hours, my last beef of the quarter is simply a list of things I do not want for Christmas. I DO NOT WANT:

- any underwear
- any tapes, records, CD's or any other form of recording by George Michael. His "kind" really chafe me.
- a promise that the Falcons or Braves will get better in time and that it's just a matter of a few seasons before they are dominating their respective leagues. I think I'll stick with 'Nique and Spud and the REAL winners in this state. (Knock on wood.)
- a book on how to enjoy sleep. I forgot what the hell that is about a quarter ago.
- anymore candidates for a Supreme Court judge. Give Judge Wapner a stab at it. I think he's out of work.
- any tapes, records, CD's or any other recordings by George Michael. I still hate him.

Well, that's about it. If you get me something not on this list, then I'll take it. Heck, I might even take a few items on this list, just to be daring, except a George Michael album. Sorry, Lydia, but he really is a shree dollar bill. Happy Whatever!

I Got Blisters On My Fingers,
MWJR

P.S.
Thank you to Dr. Strozier for that extra boost of confidence.

A Mad Driver

Lisa Friedman

One morning as I was driving to school, I got the feeling from the traffic around me that I was driving a wee bit too slow. When I looked at the speedometer, however, I noticed that I was going five miles over the limit. All around people were passing me and zooming on by to get to their destinations.

Could it be that people love their jobs or love going to school so much that they can't wait to get to them? Or could it be that the morning drivers are just acting out their dreams of being race car drivers, or better yet, Kamukazi pilots? Could that explain the amazing flying cars that I see go by in the morning?

Believe it or not, flying cars are not only seen on Abercorn in the middle of the morning rush hour, but downtown as well, especially in the school zones. What is going to happen if little Johnny runs out into the street and your speeding car happens to be there? BAM! Little Johnny is now dead and his body is splattered all over the street in little un-identifiable pieces—all because you were speeding and didn't have enough time to stop. Now, not only are you late for school, or wherever it

was you were headed to begin with, but you will also be slapped with a law suit for killing L.J. and will probably do time in prison. Now you will really be late to school, about five-years late.

One of the first things my father told me when I was learning how to drive was that a car is just a beautified weapon. At the time, I thought he was crazy and just trying to scare me, but the thought always stuck in the back of my mind. In time, I found out that Father really does know best, all I had to do was to drive on Abercorn one morning. Just take a look around you one morning (this is not recommended if you happen to be driving the car) and you'll see what I mean. It is like the Indy 500 out there.

I'll be the first one to admit, right after my parents, my driving techniques could be improved. Of course, I've made a few judgement errors, but hey, no one is perfect. Maybe you are not the best driver either but, taking notice of the speed limits and obeying them could help you a lot. There is nothing so important that you would have to drive 20 miles over the limit. When you speed, you are not only putting your own life in jeopardy, but the lives of others as well. Speed limits were set up for a reason. The next time you catch yourself speeding, SLOW DOWN (what a revolutionary idea), Armstrong will always be here waiting for you.

LETTERS

Dear ASC Administration,

I am currently taking one of the night courses offered by Armstrong State College. Most of my fellow classmates and I are local businessmen and women who take our education very seriously. Most of us are coming back to school to complete degree work. We are making sacrifices both financially and in our family lives in order to attend school.

Last night I gave an oral presentation to our class in order to fulfill one of the course requirements. The temperature in our classroom was so unbearable that it was very difficult to concentrate on anything other than the heat. I could understand how the professor must feel when facing a classroom full of students who are red of face, fidgeting uncomfortably, and fanning themselves vigorously.

I do not understand why, when we are paying the same tuition as students at any other time of the year, concern is not given to providing the fall term students with a reasonably comfortable environment in which to work. I understand that air conditioning is provided during the summer months. I assume that these students do not pay an

additional tuition fee in order to guarantee a comfortable schoolroom atmosphere. Why then are we being penalized during the continuing warm weather in order to save "electricity costs"? In my estimation, we, as fall term students, have as much right to a conducive learning environment as any student attending at other times of the year. This situation certainly constitutes unfair treatment and should be addressed immediately. Most of my fellow classmates work a forty hour week. We come into the classroom at the end of a long work day only to face an uncomfortable atmosphere in which we are expected to concentrate on the material presented. I feel strongly that attention needs to be given to presenting the best classroom environment possible during all seasons of the year. We are here to further our education. I do not feel that it is unrealistic to expect Armstrong's facilities to provide very basic comforts in order to facilitate this end. Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,
Susan Murry Leaf

P.S.: I realize the weather may have cooled off by the time my letter reaches you but at least we can resolve this problem before next fall.

WOW News

can be reached at 927-9632.

Patty announced plans for our Christmas party which will be held in lieu of a December meeting. The covered dish dinner is scheduled for Thurs., Dec. 3rd. For more information call Joyce Nettles at 927-5286 and leave your name and number.

Also at the meeting, Linda Artley was voted in as our new treasurer. She will be replacing Cindy McCormick who is graduating this quarter. Cindy will be entering Ga. Southern in the winter quarter to begin work on her Masters in Psychology. Congratulations to Cindy and a big thank you for all the hard work you've done for us.

Until next quarter, good luck on finals and we'll see you back here in January.

Mr. Editor,

In regard to your "Editor's Beef," I believe I should inform you. You screwed up...BIG TIME, BONEHEAD! In closing, I believe you quoted the Beatles in saying "Koo Koo Kachoo." Wrong! The boys actually say "Goo Goo Gajob" in "I Am The Walrus." Get it right!

Sincerely,
SKANK

Dear Skank-babe,

That isn't what your mother told me the other night. Perhaps you should consult her before you try and insult my interpretations of the late John Lennon's works. I believe it was his desires to let each and every one of us allow our imaginations to flow whenever we listened to one of their creations. But thank you for the thought and tell your mamma I said hello.

-The Editor

THE INKWELL

Editor-in-Chief	Michael West
Assistant Editor	Beckie Jackson
Ad Man	John Dickens
Layout Asst	Tommy Jenkins
Staffists	Stephanie Norman
	J.J. Rutland
	Kathy Cohen
	Lisa Friedman
	Robert Edenfield
	John Dickens
Staff Cartoonists	Chris Edgerly
	Judd Smith
	MWJR
Word Man	Uncle Mudfoot Von Waldner
Creative Consultants	Chicquita Banana People
	Jolt Cola
	Maxwell House
Typesetting	Lisa Friedman
Proofreader	Terminated
Photography	SPS
Advisor	Micki Lee

The Inkwell is published bi-monthly except during school breaks. The Inkwell is the student newspaper of ASC, however, it does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Administration, faculty, student body or anybody else that matters. The Inkwell welcomes letters to the editor, upon the condition that they are signed by their author. If requested, that name can be withheld. Address all letters to the Inkwell, Armstrong State college, 11935 Abercorn Ext., Savannah, Georgia, 31419-7197. Telephone (912)927-5351.

Arm-in-Arm

Michael Vest



Offroads

Judd Smith



INTRAMURALS

FALL QUARTER WINNERS

FLAG FOOTBALL	
League Champs.....	(Men) Spanky's Longshots
	(Women) Phi Mu
Tournament Champs.....	(Men) Trojans
	(Women) Alpha Gamma Delta
VOLLEYBALL	
League Champs.....	(Men) Bucks
	(Women) Phi Mu
Tournament Champs.....	(Men) Bucks
(Women) Engineering	Society
TABLE TENNIS	
Minchul Shin	
BADMINTON	
Men's.....	Slate Williams
Women's.....	Michelle Oliver
PUMPKIN FUN RUN	
1.1 Mile Course	Dean Barter
Open.....	Doug Francis
Men.....	Kame Varnedoe
Women.....	
2.2 Mile Course	
Open.....	Dean Barter
Men.....	Mark Beyers
Women.....	Kame Varnedoe
PUNTING CONTEST	
Brian Cetti	

WINTER QUARTER '88

Event	Entries Due
Aerobics.....	TBA
B-Ball.....	Jan. 13
Bowling.....	Jan. 13
Outdoor Soccer.....	Jan. 19
Pillo Polo.....	Jan. 20
Indoor Soccer.....	Jan. 27
One-on-One B-Ball.....	Feb. 2
Free Throw Contest.....	Feb. 27
Weight Lifting Contest.....	Mar. 2,3,4



PROFESSOR PROFILE

(Nice effects, eh?)

Robert Patterson

In Profile

Beckie Jackson
Asst. Editor

Watch out for falling chairs. Dr. Robert Patterson, professor of history, once threw a desk chair out of a classroom window to get his student's attention. It worked. Dr. Patterson, popular among students, is known for his sense of humor. He peppers his lectures with little known facts, giving his students permission to use these tidbits as "cocktail conversation" to dazzle their friends. He uses these tactics to keep the attention of his students.

He cites a study done by the University of Missouri which found that 1 out of 4 students, at any given time, is thinking about sex. "It may be the date they had last night or the cute guy across the aisle but, I know when I look out across the class, I've lost 25 percent of my students. I try to keep them interested. The talent is to know when to stop clowning and keep students learning," says Dr. Patterson.

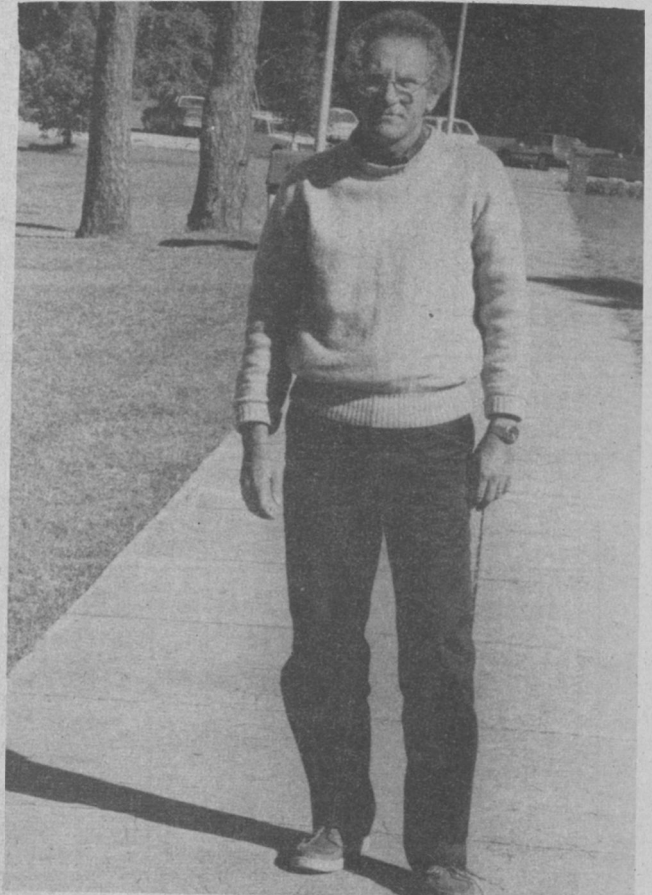
Dr. Patterson says he enjoys teaching. He came to Armstrong in 1966, a fresh kid with a brand new PHD from Vanderbilt.

In addition to teaching, Dr. Patterson coached tennis here at ASC from 1980 until 1985/86, twice leading our team to the conference championship.

Tennis is one of his favorite pastimes. He also enjoys camping, backpacking, and traveling around the U.S. He hopes to spend the upcoming summer camping in the Northeastern U.S. His musical taste ranges from Bach to ZZ Top. His favorite word is serendipity because, "Life should be full of new things, unexpected happenings."

Dr. Patterson is full of the unexpected. His office is home to a pet spider. He claims the spider keeps tigers away and cites a tiger-free campus as proof. His "little green man" theory has raised more than one eyebrow.

Dr. Patterson says he is an atheist but, he does believe in the little green man. "The little green man is 3'6" high and has red eyes. He is always with me just to my left. He is universal, infinite. He is visible only to those who truly believe in him." The little green man told Dr. Patterson



The doc and his little green friend

Photo by Chris Klug

to throw the chair out the window.

"Don't make me out to be a freak," Dr. Patterson said at the end of our interview. Dr. Patterson isn't a

freak but his classes are fun. This writer knows from first hand experience. Treat yourself to one of his courses but, be forewarned: He gives a mean test.

The Story Behind Last Issue's Funky Ad

J.J. Rutland
Staff Writer

Some of you may have noticed a peculiar advertisement in the last edition of the *Stinkwell* in which two young ladies literally solicited the young men (and women and other mammals) of our illustrious campus. They offered their carnal pleasures in exchange for cash, which, in turn, supplied them with a college education. In other words, they were "whoring" their way through school. (It's my understanding that the offer still stands, for all of you who may be interested.) As a curious investigative reporter, I asked my boss, editor and general all-around helluva guy Michael West, exactly who these women were. At first, Mikey was reluctant to release their names in fears that I would do nothing but exploit the ladies and completely ruin their chances for bettering themselves. I assured him that I had no such idea; I told him that my intentions were strictly professional, and that a story on these two entreprenuring young women would help the circulation and the readership of the *Inkwell* skyrocket. He

immediately agreed.

I contacted Delilah and Slim (not their real names) at a local drinking establishment and strip joint somewhere in the locale of not-so beautiful downtown Savanner. When I approached them, I was quickly apprehended, given nary a second to explain my reason for approaching them, and taken to a dark and deserted motel on Ogeechee Road somewhere between Hickville and Sleazeopolis. They hurried me into the room, telling me that the motel boss always lets his Dobermans loose as soon as the sun goes down. At least I knew I was safe and secure.

After we were inside, I explained my case to Delilah and Slim, informing them that I had no intention of "throwin' down" with either one of them, mainly because I probably couldn't afford it. I was also afraid that I would contract some sexually transmitted weirdness. Or maybe even the mange. But I didn't tell them that. They assured me that their prices were well within the range of a college student, and that since I worked for the fine

periodical that ran their ad free of charge, that they might even consider enjoying it. I stood firm, however; I didn't want anything falling off of me.

I really wanted to get to the, if you'll pardon the pun, deep, inner being of these ladies of the night/college students. Lord knows I did the best I could:

Delilah, in her cherry-red silk tank top, thigh-high black leather skirt and black fish-net stockings that held her firm, slender long legs tightly in place, stares out of the window and remembers: "I really don't know why I do what I do. I guess I'm afraid of manual labor. Besides, it's kind of fun and the money ain't that bad." Sounds logical.

Slim, on the other hand says that there is no pleasure involved in her work anymore. "I ain't had no fun doing this since, oh, I guess when I was about nine or ten. It's just like any other job: if you do it fer too long it begins to git old. Ten years in one spot just gits old."

Slim says that there are several factors that make her feel that way. "I git tired of

this same ol' place. I'm kinda hopin' that I'll be movin' to Thunderbolt or Pooler...hell, maybe even Garden City. But I ain't gittin' my hopes up." She also says that the scarce moments of true romance and the low chance of meeting that special someone, Mr. Right, if you will, also inhibit her from enjoying her work. "I'm steel waitin' for that spayshul guy to just come up to me one lonesome night downtown, flatter me with his enormous wealth, I playzshur heeyum with my deziruss bod and we leeyuv happily ayver after." Slim, a native of the Bronx, also notes that "the boys up north were a lot more easy to get along with." She recalls that one night while working up north, a guy who was very displeased with the psychological torment his girlfriend had been putting him through approached her asking, not for her hunk of melting flesh, but for pleasant conversation. "All he wanted me to do was to talk nice to him. That was the easiest \$500 I ever made."

Slim and Delilah (whose real names are Patricia and Anne) are also responsible for the juicy writings on the last

stall in the men's bathroom downstairs in MCC. "We got to advertise any way we can," says Delilah, "we are really in need of dough. That's how come we put our advertisement in yer paper." She said that she doesn't include names, numbers or prices: "If the people really want the good time we promise them, they'll show up at the times we designated." It seems to be working; this quarter alone, the ladies have seen some 257 young men, women and other mammals. "We've made close to a million bucks," Slim states, "I think it's about time I retired and started a family so I can share my love." Delilah has no intentions of retiring: "Honey, I tell ya'. I don't think I could ever stop. Where else can you make so much money for so little work? No where..in this town!"

By the way Delilah and Slim are looking for a few good women who are interested in joining up with them and spreading their love across the campus and city. Just leave your name and number on the last stall in the men's room downstairs in MCC.

Appearing, January 23, at Armstrong...

The Vienna Choirboys
Saturday, January 23, 8pm
Armstrong Fine Arts Center

ASC Students-\$7.50
General Admission-\$12.50

Tickets on Sale Now in
Student Activities Office



**THE
ASC
BOOKSTORE
CAN HELP YOU!**

**Great Christmas gifts!
INCLUDING:**

- Mugs!**
- Official ASC Clothing!**
- PLUS OTHER IDEAS!**

**OPEN DURING THE HOLIDAYS
FROM 8:15 AM TO 5 PM
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY**

**"THE NICKEL SAVER
HELPED ME SELL MY
WIFE SO I COULD AF-
FORD THAT NEW PAIR
OF TRAAAX TENNIS
SHOES I HAD MY EYES
ON!"**

THANX,



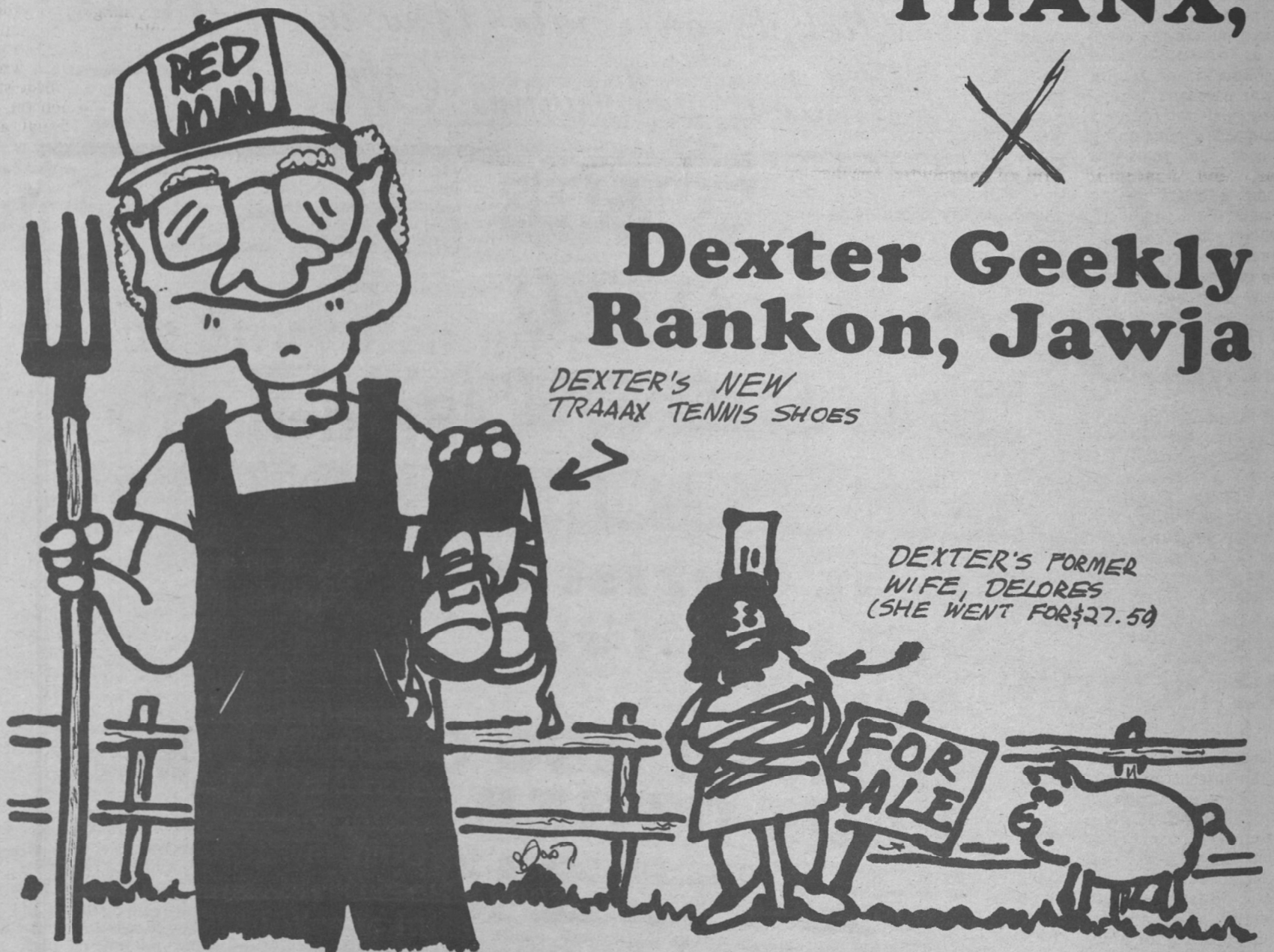
**Dexter Geekly
Rankon, Jawja**

*DEXTER'S NEW
TRAAAX TENNIS SHOES*



*DEXTER'S FORMER
WIFE, DELORES
(SHE WENT FOR \$27.50)*

**FOR
SALE**



Have you put YOUR ad in the Nickel Saver yet?

WWR '87

Lane's New Man

"Managing a library is not so different from commanding a ship," says Jack Dennis, Lane Library's new director. "Both involve leadership and require management skills. Both are intensely people oriented."

Mr. Dennis characterizes himself as a "recycled Naval officer." Upon completion of 20 years in the U.S. Navy, where he commanded two ships, he joined the ranks of the "older than average" students at Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. to earn a Master of Science in Library Science to supplement his subject master's degree in International Affairs. "Going back to graduate school was one of the most refreshing things I've done. Not many people have the privilege to take a year off, as I did, and go to school full time."

Why did Mr. Dennis choose academic librarianship as his second career? "When I left the Navy, I didn't want to do the typical sort of thing other retired military officers do—such as working for a defense contractor or selling real estate or insurance. My interests were just not there. I had maintained a continuing interest over the years in academia, and academic librarianship allowed me to work in an academic environment while satisfying my desire to remain in public service." He reminds those who wonder why he would want to spend his days "among a bunch of 17 and 18 year olds" that that is precisely what he had done as a Commander in the Navy!

Prior to coming to Armstrong this Fall, Mr. Dennis was the library director at Newberry College in Newberry, South Carolina. "Moving to Lane Library was a logical step in my career; the size of the library, the budget, and the college itself seemed to spin off from what I had been doing." Lane Library attracted the new director

because of its strong service orientation and the opportunity to keep involved in "hands-on" public service. "My first impressions have been extremely upbeat. I am particularly impressed with the emphasis on service and dedication of the library staff; it has just been a real pleasure for me to work with each of them."

Although Mr. Dennis is pleased with what he had found here, he does have an agenda of projects he intends to accomplish while he is director. Praising the college's president and vice-president for their interest and concern in Lane Library, Mr. Dennis is confident of their support.

Automation is an item on Mr. Dennis's agenda. "The computer is popping up in all areas of librarianship, as in society at large. We will be looking at ways to do our job better—to serve our clientele better—with increased use of automated library services." Noting that Lane Library already employs computers in cataloging, interlibrary loan, and on-line bibliographic searching (a direct service to students and faculty that he would be delighted to see used much more), Mr. Dennis has plans for further implementation of automated services at the Library. Systems for automatically checking in and tracking periodicals and books, a circulation system that operates much like supermarket barcode readers, and—perhaps many years down the road—the replacement of the card catalog with and on-line computer catalog are among the possibilities.

A native Alabamian, Mr. Dennis says he returned to the Southeast after his naval career because he has always felt drawn to this region. He lives on the Isle of Hope with three companions he brought with him to Savannah—Dudley, Bart, and Pearl, cocker spaniels who make sure he stays on his toes when he's "at ease!"

Alpha Gamma Delta Update

Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas. So it is a month early, but who cares—the Mall already has its Christmas decorations up. The Alpha Gams are busy little elves this season with a month full of Christmas goodies planned.

Before we can break for Christmas, though, we have to suffer through exams, so an exam cram is scheduled for November 25.

The sisterhood retreat held at Lydia Blackledge's house on November 13 was just what was needed to crack the end of the quarter blues and all the sisters had a great time. (And even a better time since Kinsey and Vivki didn't get a chance to put toothpaste in everyone's hair.)

As far as plans for December, an Alum Ornament party, Christmas Caroling with BSU, and a Christmas formal are on the agenda. The Alpha Gams will also be wrapping gifts in the Mall for the Chatham Association of Retarded Citizens, so come out and support a good cause! For those sisters who like FOOD (I knew that would get your attention), a Progressive Dinner is planned for December 28. Don't miss the fun!

All the sisters of Alpha Gamma Delta would like to thank their pledges for the streamers and signs decorating the doorway to the room. You did a great job!

Happy Holidays to all! Enjoy and indulge!

Alpha Gam Annie



Joys of the Jury

Elizabeth Rodgers

Have you ever wondered what jury duty was like? Are you one of those people who won't register to vote because you are afraid of being called for jury duty? Do you dread getting mail for fear of receiving a summons?

Ever since I registered to vote, I wished I would get jury duty. A year and a half later, my wish came true: I received a summons for August 31-September 4. On September 1, I went to the courthouse and waited for 7 hours, but did not get picked for the case. Then I was called in for September 4, and after 12 hours of waiting (including a two hour lunch break), they asked me to return on September 7. I had a possibility of being a juror on a murder trial. To make a long story short, I spent 8 days sequestered in a downtown motel as a juror on the trial of a murder case in which a young man, age 17, was kidnapped, robbed, and murdered on June 23, 1986.

When you first arrive to serve your jury summons, in the jury assembly room, the jury clerk calls roll, collects your parking ticket, and pays you \$6.50 for the morning. Then you are shown a half-hour long movie about jury duty that was made in about 1972. Then you wait. You may wait for the judge, or for an open courtroom, or maybe even for Christmas it seems. I figured that I waited a total of 34 hours in that jury assembly room.

At this point, you may be thinking "How can I get out of jury duty?" The only way to avoid it is to either be over 70, or have a medical excuse signed by a doctor. Before 1984, one could avoid it by saying that he was a college student, had small children, or a full-time job.

The real fun was when I was told that I was to be sequestered at the Holiday Inn Downtown until the trial ended. We couldn't make phone calls or have visitors unless a deputy was present. Even when we wanted to go downstairs to get ice, a deputy had to follow. We were allowed single rooms, and were fed decent meals. The judge instructed us to avoid the local news, but allowed us to watch television and listen to the radio. I was able to do a lot of writing and reading in my solitude, but had difficulty sleeping, as did many others.

The trial itself was quite interesting, but scary. Each day, I would take 3-4 pages of notes so I could keep up with everything. The other jurors could not understand how I could pay attention as well as take notes, and I would reply that I am a college student. It scared me when the witnesses seemed so casual about the fact that the 22-year old defendant always carried a gun.

If you ever get jury duty, I recommend that you bring paper and several books to keep you occupied. Don't get too upset over the two \$6.50 paychecks you receive daily, because there is nothing you can do. Just sit there, wait patiently, and hope that it all ends soon.

Student Air Rates

Washington, D.C., —Presidential Airways, Inc., operator of Continental Jet Express and Continental Express flights from their hub at Dulles International Airport, Washington, D.C., announced today that it will offer a system-wide college student walk-up fare now through January 31, 1988.

Staging a comeback for the popular student stand-by fares of pre-deregulation days, Presidential's "Walk-up" fare will be available to students with valid college identification card (plus one other photo ID) at Continental Jet Express and Continental Express ticket counters operated by Presidential Airways.

The airline will charge \$49 for its College Walk-up fare for flights between any city in their system except Florida cities. For flights to and from Florida, the fare will be \$69. The Presidential College Walk-Up Fare does not apply to Continental Airlines or other

Continental Express affiliated carriers.

Since it is a walk-up fare class, no advance reservations may be made. However, students may purchase a reserved seat for a flight within two hours of its scheduled departure, available seats permitting. The College Walk-Up Fare may only be obtained at the airline's airport ticket counters.

Tickets are available on a one-way basis only. The same two-hour prior, walk-up procedure would be followed for the return trip. Tickets are combinable with any other one-way fare, but not combinable with any roundtrip fare. They are refundable only on the day of the purchase, but may be reissued subject to all student fare rules and restrictions. Fares are valid through January 31, 1987 except during the following black-out dates: Nov. 24-30; Dec. 18, 23, 24, 27, 28; Jan. 1-4.

The Scholarship Bank

Students in need of funding for the current and next academic terms are urged to order a free financial aid planning calendar from The Scholarship Bank. This vital planner includes critical aid deadlines, addresses and phone numbers of aid sources and tips on applying for aid.

According to the director, Steve Danz, over 500 million dollars is available in private aid to college students, and in many cases can cover up to twenty-five percent of a student's annual college costs. These funds are contributed by

corporations, trade, civic and non-profit foundations. They are normally awarded on non-traditional basis, such as academic standing, college major, geographic preferences, and even on a student's willingness to undertake a special research project or enter a contest. Parental factors such as union, employer or military affiliation is also considered by some donors.

The Scholarship Bank works with financial aid offices throughout the U.S. to distribute information on the over 5000 sources. Interested students may receive a

computer-generated print-out of up to 65 sources of private financial aid that they appear specifically qualified to receive. According to the director, many sources are renewable annually and have an average value in excess of \$1,000.

Students interested in receiving the free aid calendar and information on the scholarship programs should send a stamped, business-sized self-addressed envelope to:

The Scholarship Bank,
4626 N. Grand
Covina, CA, 91724

**HEAR YE,
HEAR YE!**

Our beloved Al Harris, ASC's Director of Student Activities, is the proud father of a brand new baby boy to be known the world over as Robin Patrick. The little terror was born on November 17 and weighed in at 6 pounds and 2 ounces. You can breath again, Al. It's finally over. Betcha can't wait till those A.M. feedings!

Congratulations, Boss! Junior's finally arrived.
